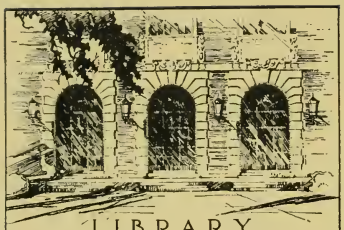

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MOTHER CHARLOTTE

(Mrs. Broadley of Carnmenellis).

A Sketch

BY

LOUISA HERBERT.

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E. LONGHURST, 188 Upper Kennington Lane, S.E.
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'IF greatness can be shut up in qualities, it will be found to consist in courage, and in openness of mind, and of soul.'

SIR A. HELPS.

'IN all ages Self-seeking is the rule, Self-sacrifice the exception.'—S. T. COLERIDGE.

'AN hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion, or "subtle bosom sin," will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.'—*Idem.*

'I HAVE often thought that the chief occasions of men's differing so much in their opinions were, either their not understanding each other, or else that, instead of ingenuously searching after Truth, they have made it their business to find out arguments for the proof of what they have once asserted.'—BISHOP BUTLER *to Dr. Samuel Clarke.*

'THEN in such hour of need
Of your fainting dispirited race,
Ye like angels appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope ye appear,
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Introduction.

'An unexamined life is a life not worth living.'
SOCRATES.

'WE want the biographies of common people,' says Froude in one of his Essays; and our every-day experience re-echoes the need. The Church ought to have a store of such lives, uneventful records, yet reaching up to her standard as their rule and guide, to teach us what our ordinary lives should be. We want histories that she could put into her children's hands, and say, Here is my teaching drawn out into practical reality: this is such a man, or woman, or child, as I want you to be, as you ought to be, as you can be. There is no need that these stories should be of people with special brilliancy or distinction about them, that they should have been endowed with marked keenness of intellect, have derived any reflected lustre from intercourse with the great and noble. They may be

uneventful and uninteresting lives, lived out in some quiet corner in monotony, in common-place duties, with faulty humdrum people for associates, with narrow means perhaps, and little leisure or opportunity of culture. Records of people who never achieve much outward success, whose years wear away in a round of rather dismal duties, of petty economies, or of thankless, unappreciated ministry; but in spite of all this, and beyond and breaking through all this, are yet beautiful in their example, golden in their teaching, and kindling by their animating power.

For, after all, when we get below the surface down to the real stuff of which a life is made, is there such a thing as the 'common-place,' of which we so often talk? Is not every action great in proportion to the thought that lies behind it? Whether it be the raising or depression of an Emperor's thumb, the scattering of a grain of incense, or the busy round of daily toil. When the smallest ordinary duty falls into its true relation to our life, to the meaning of that life, and to the Giver of that life, can we, dare we, call it common-place?

Principles make the grandeur of living; and

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when those are pure, high, and enduring, no toil or monotony can make a life ignoble. 'Three parts of all the work done in the world that is worth doing,' said the present Bishop of Exeter in one of his speeches, 'is *drudgery;*' and may God send the wise saying home to many minds. Let us learn to separate the real from the accidental, the jewel from its setting. It is not what we do, but how and why we do it, that is of supreme importance.

The end of living is to form character, not to get through a certain amount of toil (be the sphere where or what it may). Work is the means, but character is the end. There is no occupation so monotonous and uninteresting, but that in it may be found a field for the exercise of the highest graces; and every life is great, just so far as the possessor recognises its highest possibilities, and carries them into action.

This sketch of a quiet, homely woman's life, is attempted solely on this basis, and for these reasons; not to record her accomplishments or her cultivation of intellect, as for neither of these was she remarkable. Moving incidents and variety of surroundings may give interest to a history, but scarcely any come into her seventy-six years.

Her's is the life of a daughter of the Church, who clearly and unmistakably took as the guiding principle of her actions, that 'the outward circumstances of her life were the expression of God's Will to her as an individual;' and so believing, all the powers of her body, mind, and spirit, were directed first to understand, and then to obey, that Will.

It seems to those who knew and honoured her, that the enduring lesson of her quiet life was this: faithfulness in little things, leading her by God's guiding to accomplish great things—a lesson never more needing to be learnt than in the restless age in which our lives are cast, when what is new, unusual, striking, or original, commends itself to the doer far more than the quiet, hidden, monotonous toil, which the duties of most lives require for their adequate fulfilment.

We reach out to the ends of the earth for a kingdom to subdue and in which to reign, when the kingdom of God is within us, and the most blessed dominion lies at our hand, in tendance, training, and ministry to be given to the bodies, minds, and souls, in the little circle which immediately environs us. Great possibilities of kingly ruling exist so close to our feet, that the eager eye passes them

unnoticed in straining for some spot on which to rest in a far-off horizon.

The biographies which Mr. Froude, in perhaps a somewhat querulous spirit, demands, and which are a felt want to many minds needing simple practical examples of living, and yearning to be taught by the sight of holy doctrine translated into noble action, can only be supplied by the Church of God.

Modern writers, possessing the highest gifts of imagination, seem as incapable of producing a healthy and noble Ideal as was the cultivated Heathen World before the Advent of our Lord. We need only compare for a moment the heroes of some of the most striking novels of the age—*i.e.* *Daniel Deronda*, *Endymion*, and *John Inglesant*—with such lives as those of Bishop Paterson, Commodore Goodenough, and Charles Lowder, to be at once struck by the contrast between the World and the Church, between a noble *ruling* of the circumstances of life, and a willess *drifting* on the surface of their current.

The Parsonage, Vauxhall,
All Saints' Day, 1882.

Mother Charlotte

(MRS. BROADLEY OF CARNMENELLIS).

MARIA CHARLOTTE BROADLEY was of an Irish family, and went out early in life to Jamaica, to live with an uncle who was settled there. She used to relate that, having lost his only daughter, her uncle found so great a resemblance to his loved child in his niece Maria, that he begged her father to be allowed to adopt her.

In 1833 she married the Rev. William Broadley, who was an island Curate in Jamaica, and after a few years' residence there—a time which she always spoke of, as having been equally a trial to her bodily health, and to her ideas of social purity—she returned to England with her husband, who settled in Cornwall, holding first the Curacy of Cury and Gunwalloe, and shortly afterwards the Incumbency of Carnmenellis, of which parish he continued Vicar for twelve years, until his death in 1855.

The occasion of the removal of Mr. and Mrs. Broadley to their new parish led to a great crisis

in her spiritual history. Their furniture had been sent on, and they were driving in their own carriage to take possession of their new home. Crossing a bleak, desolate moor, the horse took fright, became unmanageable, and dashed the carriage to pieces, both its occupants being thrown violently on the ground. Mr. Broadley was unhurt, but Mrs. Broadley was severely bruised, and her leg broken. The horse had escaped; no assistance was near; and after drawing her gently to the bank at the road-side, Mr. Broadley went off to the nearest village for help. It was two miles away, and three hours elapsed before his return. Those hours of bodily agony and mental loneliness, had blessed work to do on the soul of the sufferer. She cast herself, with all the power of her will, upon God, and realised on that wild moorside, as she had never before done, His nearness, His Mercy, and His Pardoning Love. When her husband returned, instead of hearing the wail of pain from her lips, she was praising God aloud, out of a full and thankful heart.

Through the long weeks of enforced quiet, after her leg was set, this joyful frame of mind continued. In bodily weakness she praised God for spiritual healing, and was wont to say in after years, 'The breaking of my leg was the conversion of my soul.'

The twelve years at Carnmenellis were marked by much energetic work in Schools, Church, and

Parish. Mr. Broadley, a man of impetuous temperament and profuse generosity, was greatly beloved by his parishioners, and his wife fully shared both his labours and his popularity.

At her husband's death, Mrs. Broadley being very anxious to secure a spiritually minded clergyman as his successor, wrote to Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister, and requested the nomination for a friend of her husband, from whose zeal she hoped great good might flow to the Parish. This letter was unfortunately lost, and much delay and anxiety to her resulted in consequence. She had made it a matter of earnest prayer, and had asked the devout people in the Parish to join her in her intercessions, that work for God might still be carried on in their midst. Finally, Lord Palmerston, though he had had many applications from other quarters, gave it as she had desired. After this time of anxious uncertainty, she felt it would be for the best interests of the Parish to secure the patronage herself; and from her rather slender means she devoted 1000*l.* to the purchase of the Advowson, and afterwards assigned it to a body of Trustees.

To most women, the death which shadowed her life, would have broken the tie which bound her to this little Cornish village, filled thenceforth with the saddening memory of a past happiness. She did not, however, so read the finger-post of duty. God, in His providence, had made the bond;

it was not for her, unless by the clear leading of His Spirit in another direction, to break it. She built herself a little four-roomed cottage on the glebe, close to the Church, purposing to spend there the remainder of her life on earth, in self-denying labour for the souls, whose welfare, no new interests ever drove from their place in her prayers and her affections. But the leading of God came, and when the new duty presented to her seemed clearly a call from Him, home, plans, pursuits, friends, were at once given up, to respond to its claims.

A sister, twenty years younger than herself, from whom she had been separated from childhood, and with whom no mutual intercourse existed to strengthen the tie of blood, was suddenly left a widow, with children needing help and training; and without a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Broadley abandoned her own designs and congenial occupations, to open her heart, and make a home for the fatherless. Her beloved little Tranquilla Cottage was left behind, and she took up her abode in the far less inviting neighbourhood of the suburbs of London, to devote herself, with an equally unselfish affection, to the education of her nieces and the comfort of their widowed mother.

Some time in 1866 Mrs. Broadley made the acquaintance of the Rev. G. W. Herbert, the vicar of S. Peter's, Vauxhall, a large Parish on the south side of the Thames, with a population of ten thousand people, entirely of the poorer class. It was a

newly formed Parish, the mass of the people unreached by any spiritual influences ; workers of all kind were needed, and there was no leisure class from which to supply them.

Such a field of labour at once aroused Mrs. Broadley's sympathies, and the Vicar, on his part, recognised as quickly, the value of her devotion and spiritual experience, in training helpers in the great work of evangelization which God had given into his hands. A Community of Sisters, who would supply the house-to-house visitation, and other agencies which were imperatively needed, to try in any way to reach such a population, was the great want. There were no ladies to supply the necessary District Visitors or Sunday-school teachers, and a house had already been taken, in which two Sisters resided. To this small Community, the Vicar of S. Peter's invited Mrs. Broadley to devote her fostering love and valuable experience ; and the offer was at once accepted as a task given to her by her Lord Himself, for the advancement of His Church and the winning of precious souls. The intense humility with which she undertook it, and the constant doubts of her own fitness for what was a very onerous and difficult duty, were only counterbalanced by the trust which assured her, that wisdom and strength would be given for a work, undertaken simply for God's honour and glory, which had come to her unsought, and was unmixed with worldly motives.

On Holy Innocents' Day, 1866, she was made a Sister Probationer in the little chapel of the Sisterhood, then occupying their old house, Eldon Lodge, Upper Kennington Lane. As in her case a long probation was unnecessary, she was confirmed in her Sister's vocation six months after, on July 5th in the next year, 1867, and made the First Superior three weeks after—S. James's Day.

Her Sister's habit gave great dignity to her tall figure, and the close white cap suited her spiritual and expressive face. She always clung to this religious dress to the end of her life, as a symbol of her special dedication to her Lord for the service of His Church, and it was at her particular request that she was buried in it.

An extract from a letter she wrote to the Vicar, who was away in Devonshire for his holiday, about a month after her election as Superior, shows the spirit in which that office was held by her:—

'. . . Thanks for your kind wishes; but neither the lovely breezes of Exmoor, nor the sea I love so dearly, raises even the wish for a change. New scenes have no power with the old Sister. These days are long gone by, leaving but the desire to be again near my last resting-place. That in God's good time. All well, quiet, and happy in our little household. . . . I do feel that God is blessing ——'s (one of the new Associates) labours amongst us. I trust the Sisterhood will be a comfort to you and useful in the parish. My working days are over, yet I may be permitted to fill a gap. In one of our Cornish prayer-meetings, nine or ten years ago, I was

present whilst a prayer was offered for "the ould ancient Sister what keeps these doores abroad." I may still be used for the same purpose, till you get some one more fitted for the office you have so kindly given me. . . .'

To give any real idea how her Community life was lived, and the spirit which animated and sustained it, one must judge it not from without only, but from within, and learn its true character from those who lived it with her.

The aim of the Community may perhaps best be described, by the words which are said to each Associate as the Cross is given to them at their admission. They are these: 'Take this Cross and wear it, and let it ever remind you, that you are called to plead with the erring by the power of the Crucified, and to tell them of His Name, Who hath opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.'

Let us hear from one of the oldest Sisters of the Community, how this aim was fulfilled in Mother Charlotte's case:—

'Four things in the character of our dear Mother Charlotte I always reverenced.

'1. *Her Spirit of Prayer.*—Like her beloved Master, it was her practice to rise a great while before day, and to retire to some solitary place where she might pour out her soul in prayer. In the little oratory at Eldon Lodge, during our seven years' residence there, "Early will I seek Thee" was true of her. She never allowed cold, or pain, or increasing infirmities, to rob her of that precious time of spiritual communion. She loved especially the

early Offices [in which all the Sisters joined], and sometimes [in later years, when the numbers had increased, and they were in their present building] she aroused the household at 2 or 3 a.m. in her anxiety for us to be stirring in time.

'2. *Her Witness for God.*—In season and out of season she never failed, but named the Precious Saving Name to all her voice or pen could reach. Every inmate was faithfully dealt with, as were also the visitors, the poor, the tradespeople, none were neglected. Once, when I accompanied her to the dentist, to my surprise and admiration (for she was suffering, and was naturally very sensitive to physical pain), she spoke plainly to him on the subject of his soul's Salvation.

'3. *Her Tenderness of Conscience.*—She was often like a child in this respect. She would suffer any pain or inconvenience rather than refuse to obey the least touch of her inward guide.

'4. *Her Purity.*—She was most modest and pure in word and manner, and very unwilling at any time to believe evil of others.

'These four virtues in her daily life, so steadily practised, have always been very helpful to me and to others. . . .'

Those who best knew Mother Charlotte, cannot fail to recognise how truly these points give the key-note to the appreciation of her character. That habit of prayer which the Sister so truly puts first on record had shaped and made her what she was —an eminently spiritual woman, not only in the passive, but in the aggressive sense. Prayer was her weapon as well as her comfort. In helping the

souls of others she prayed—as has been said of another great servant of God—'all round you,' that by her piercing words an entrance might be won for the Holy Spirit into the heart.

'I well remember a conversation I once had with the Mother,' writes an old friend, 'on the difficulties of prayer, for it was such a lasting help to me. "We do not," she said, "look upon prayer enough as a *work*. It is a good plan to make appointments with God as to times and subjects of prayer. Every one who prays in Church raises or lowers the spiritual temperature of that Church by the earnestness or coldness of their devotions. If we would be warm, we must go to the fire: if we would burn with love to Jesus, we must go often where Jesus is." The combined vigour and tenderness with which she spoke, caused her words to make a deep impression on me.'

This counsel, given to another, Mother Charlotte applied ardently to her own practice. In the London Mission of 1874, perpetual intercession for ten days was organized in the parish of S. Peter's, to ask a blessing on the work of winning souls. The Sisters took the night hours, as being the most difficult to get filled up; and Mother Charlotte thus writes on the subject to one of the Sisters whom she dearly loved:—

'You are very dear to me, and often in my thoughts and in my prayers, more particularly now in "*the hour*," and a very blessed hour it is. I have been kept so

punctual, never once sleeping beyond the 3.30, so I am dressed and in the Oratory by 4 a.m. I do feel so thankful. . . . . The intercession for Sister M—— will be faithfully attended to. May God bless her in that which she needs for His service! . . . . All here love you dearly; and I should and will say, none more tenderly than the old Mother.

'Ever dearest, yours affectionately in Jesus,

'Sr. Charlotte.'

Prayer had given her spiritual discernment in no common measure. As an old friend describing her said, 'She knew exactly where to take up the threads of an imperfect Penitence or Faith;' and she could put her finger on the weak point of a soul's life with an almost unerring judgment. Sometimes this judgment was expressed with startling plainness. A parish worker was one day urging the advantages of Guilds as a help to Christian life, without giving — as the Mother thought — due prominence to the necessity of spiritual life in the soul, before becoming a member of such an Association. 'If you tie them up in a Guild,' she said energetically, 'without grace or liberty in their souls, you are only binding them in bundles to burn them.'

Her spiritual penetration often gave to what she said special power, even when there was little that was remarkable in the words themselves. 'I can never forget one particular afternoon,' relates some one, 'when Mrs. Broadley (it was just

before she was made a Sister) came in to see me. I was nursing a sick baby that lay suffering on my knee. I was very weary; it seemed to me as if all I had done to help the child's mother was taken as a matter of course, and that I was neither thanked nor appreciated. Mrs. Broadley stood by in silence, looking at the little sufferer, and seemed to have read my heart through and through; for, after a pause, she said, slowly and emphatically, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." From that moment the room, the child's fretful wail, my weary arms—all were transformed, and a strange joy filled my heart at the honour of being given a task to do for my Lord Himself. I should never have thought of it but for her words.'

Constant communion with God kept Mother Charlotte's naturally loving nature awake to the power of sympathy, and generous in its bestowal. 'It pleased God,' writes one of the Associates of her Community, 'that she should bestow upon me at the beginning of our acquaintance, fourteen years ago, some of the wealth of her intense love which never failed me. During a great trial, her kindness, sympathy, and forbearance, given me for her Lord's sake, kept me from despair, and helped me safely through it. Her well-stored mind, wonderful memory, and loving nature, made her a delightful companion; but, above all, she had such love to God, and lived in such close communion

with Him, that after being with her, one felt as if one had been with Jesus, for He was the end and aim of her Being.'

There is another thought which grows out of reflections on her use of prayer, and that is the necessity for its correlative—study of, and meditation on, God's Word. The mind must be fed, as well as the heart fired. For, as Coleridge has said, 'The exercise of reasoning is requisite to keep alive faith in the heart. . . . It must be Seraphs, not the hearts of imperfect mortals, that can burn unfuelled and self-fed.' 'Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy law.' Holy Scripture was Sister Charlotte's storehouse of wisdom. She was not, what in these days could be called an intellectual woman, but all the powers of her mind awoke in the study and application of the Bible.

'Her illustrations at her Bible Class were charming,' says an Associate who was often present. She brought out the spiritual meaning of a passage with simplicity and power, and always pressed it home as a practical reality in the life.

In the varied experience of her history, God had brought her in contact with more than one phase of religious effort—the preaching the simple Gospel of a free Salvation to sinners, and the building up of the Saints in their most Holy Faith, by the Church's rule and discipline. She saw clearly the two sides of the truth, and held them evenly. She never

wavered about Conversion to God, its necessity and blessedness. She was never satisfied that a soul who had experienced its power, should rest in self-satisfied sloth on the mere fact of that experience, without 'working out' the salvation given 'with fear and trembling.' No one could rejoice more freely than she did, in intimate personal communion with her Saviour and Redeemer; no one could more ardently realise the blessedness of her Corporate union with her Master and King, in the Sacramental life of His Church. She was blessed in the Church's blessing, she was taught by the Church's teaching. The critical, cavilling spirit, was utterly foreign to her mind. The Church's Seasons gave the tone to her thoughts, the Church's feeding was to her truly the Bread of Life. No child was ever more loyal to a beloved mother, than was she to her Spiritual Mother. There was no restlessness because of imperfections, no faithlessness to the legitimate authority of the Branch of the Catholic Church in which the providence of God had placed her. This balance of truth gave great power to her advice and teaching; she said out directly and firmly what she meant without hesitancy, and it inspired a confidence, which no mere display of critical acumen could have given.

This directness, which was a marked characteristic of her teaching, and indeed of her ordinary conversation, leads us to that second point in her Sister's description of her—*i.e.*, her *Witness for*

God. It was simple, faithful, and most nobly courageous. For years, until sickness began to lay its disabling hand upon her bodily vigour, no one, of whatever age, rank, sex, or profession, ever entered the Sisterhood walls without some word of exhortation, or sympathy, or comfort, or warning, being spoken to them by her for their soul's health. It was done with such honesty and love, that she never gave offence. 'I was astonished,' relates one Sister, 'when I went with Mother to take the old clock to be mended, to hear her gently, but firmly, question the tradesman, quite an old man, about the state of his soul.' Perhaps he was as much astonished as the Mother's companion; but the result was very blessed. It was the beginning of an influence which ended in his turning to God, and living faithfully in the Church's communion up to his death.

'I am very anxious about ——'s soul,' said a person to her one day. 'And what have you done to show that you are so anxious?' replied Mother Charlotte. 'Have you gone down on your knees, side by side, and told it all to God, that she may know what is in your heart, and where the help is to be sought and found?'

The greatest of sermon-writers perhaps in this generation, has published one on the rarely enforced duty we owe to 'Our Equals,' and asks suggestively whether it may not be a more searching ordeal of character, than those duties we owe to inferiors, or

to sufferers? It is certainly much more difficult to fulfil than the exercise of the compassionate virtues, and it requires far rarer qualities.

Mother Charlotte's combination of courage and simple directness, brought great blessing in her intercourse with those in her own rank of life. The world's standard was not her measure, and she was never ashamed of her colours. It was almost impossible to be offended with her, even when she administered a rebuke, because her sincerity was so patent, her manner so simple, and her convictions were so evidently deep and genuine, that one could not resent what she said.

A clergyman's wife was brought to call on her one day rather overdressed, and she failed at first to catch the name of her visitor. When it was repeated to her, she looked with honest amazement at the gorgeous array, and said frankly, 'Mrs. ——? Impossible, my dear! This lady cannot be the wife of the priest of that name?' The observation was not meant as a rebuke; but its meaning was too patent to escape her visitor, who received it with a humility as beautiful as was the honesty of the speaker: and one who stood by, felt that nothing but blessing could come of intercourse so marked by God's grace on both sides.

Conflict is the school in which God's saints are trained, and Mother Charlotte's experience was no exception to theirs. 'What battles I have had in this little room!' she once said, looking round the

small Oratory in the old house where her community life first began. 'Every plank of the floor is marked by some internal struggle,' fought out, no doubt, on her knees, in those early morning hours which she ever consecrated to communion with her Lord.

She was a woman of intense feeling, half-hearted in nothing; some things were to her great trials, which would have been trifles to a person of more robust sensibility. The third point—which one of her sisters observed as a striking feature in her character—was her *Tenderness* of *Conscience*, and it was most remarkable. Sometimes she almost tortured her spirit in her examination of the purity of her own motives; and would appeal to others to condemn her, in her fear lest she should excuse herself. There was a noble generosity about her, which showed itself in readiness to ask pardon, if she felt she had hurt or offended another by the slightest word or action.

'I wish Mother Charlotte would not ask ——'s pardon,' indignantly reflected an Associate sometimes; 'for if an inch represented her offence, the fault on the other side was yards long.' But the Mother never waited for an apology to be brought to her, but humbled herself generously, when the convictions of her sensitive conscience told her that an acknowledgment of her fault was needful. 'When I came back,' said a Sister who had been away a long time, 'the Mother's greeting was to

throw her arms round my neck, and ask my pardon for any rude or unkind words she might ever have been guilty of towards me ; and never had I felt to love her as I did when she made this apology.'

Once, in later years, a relative suggested to her that some plan she had made, was the outcome of a subtle worldly policy. The Mother was not indignant, as most people in her place would have been, but crushed ; tears streamed down her fine, open face, and she seemed as if searching the depths of her own spirit, to detect whether so base and unworthy a thought had really been harboured there.

It was this extreme sensibility which hindered her from becoming a good ruler. With all her fine qualities, she could not govern well ; she leant on, and longed for, the sympathy of others too intensely, ever to gain that calm balance of spirit, which is essential to wise and successful rule.

'If God has called you to govern others, my sister,' said a far-seeing mission priest to her one day, 'you must learn to *live alone :* it is the fate of all who rule.'

'Oh, don't give me so hard a precept!' was her reply, wrung out of her tender, clinging nature. 'I can never obey it.'

The counsel was needed, and was most wise ; she could pour herself out for others, but *not rule them.*

It was this feeling of failure in mastering fully

the difficulties of governing a Community, that no doubt caused her such struggles of spirit; and they were God's means of holy discipline to her ardent and naturally impulsive disposition. 'Our greatest victories are the victories God gains over us.'

But whatever the battles were within, there was no gloom without. 'The Mother makes one love religion,' said one, 'only to look on her kind face.' Her genial, cheerful manners, attracted many to listen to her pleading in the cause of her Master, who otherwise would have turned a deaf ear to holy subjects. 'I used to bring people to the S. Peter's Teas when I knew she would be there,' recalls one who loved her well, 'on purpose that she might say a word to their souls; because I felt they would take from her what would have offended them in any one else.'

One of the reasons for this brightness in her work was her spirit of thanksgiving. 'I wish people would keep a book of subjects for thanksgiving,' she said one day to an Associate, 'besides their self-examination; for nothing narrows the heart like neglect of this duty, and much spiritual advancement is lost, by not giving hearty thanks in return for answers to special prayer.' In 1868, after one of the Parochial Missions at S. Peter's, she writes:—'The Mission was the best we have yet had, and has indeed been blessed to very many. On the Tuesday after, there was a Thanksgiving; I was glad to hear it, though I was not

there to join in it' [she had gone to Carnmenellis], 'for I do believe that a want of gratitude to our good God, is the cause of much depression in our own souls, and deprives us of many blessings.'

The Sister, whose letter was quoted at length for its clear estimate of the Mother's character, gives Purity as one of them — a special modesty and reticence in speaking of sins which wound chastity, both of body and mind; a tender shrinking from realising the existence of vice in others. Perhaps there is no greater testimony to the inward discipline of her spirit, than that this should be her characteristic tone of mind and expression, when we remember that she had passed several years of her life amongst the slave population of Jamaica; where sins of the flesh must have been continually brought before her, and the low moral tone of the dominant white race in relation to the coloured population, was a matter of undisguised and unblushing scandal. So truly is the Gospel promise fulfilled, 'If they take up any deadly thing it shall not hurt them.'

The Church's weapon of fasting had also been faithfully used, and no doubt had contributed to this blessed result. For some years of her life, before she came to the Sisterhood, she kept Friday very strictly, taking no food till after 3 p.m., and S. Paul's rule, 'I keep my body under, and bring it into subjection,' was her standard down to the last day of her life.

During Lent, in the year before her death, she resolutely had removed from the little sitting-room of her cottage at Carnmenellis a small sofa which ordinarily stood there, in case she should unnecessarily indulge herself by resting upon it.

The care of her nieces, which Mother Charlotte had so willingly and generously undertaken, was a duty she fulfilled with characteristic energy and love. She seemed to pour out all the warmth of her heart on these adopted children ; their health, their education, and their training, were matters of earnest prayer and effort to her.

The youngest, a fragile little girl, was loved by her with a most intense affection ; 'her little child,' 'her lamb,' she called her, and the delicacy of this child, caused her many and constant anxieties.

For some time before Mother Charlotte ceased to reside with her Community, it had become evident, that gathering infirmities made the task of guiding so many interests, too heavy a burden for her increasing years.

She had been obliged to give up her Bible Class for a long time. The seeing strangers and visitors, which she had once rejoiced in, as so many God-given opportunities of testifying for her Master, she now shrank from, with the weariness of failing strength.

A kind of neuralgic pain used to come on with terrible regularity at certain hours of the day, and its exhausting effects incapacitated her for exertion.

She began to realise that God's leading was pointing her to a less laborious position, and when her third term of Office expired, (the Superior of the Community, being by their rule re-elected every three years), she determined, without in any way severing the tie which bound her to the Sisters and to the Religious Life, to retire to some quiet country place, and to devote herself to her nieces, who just then seemed specially to need her care.

In 1876 she went to reside for a time at Parkstone, near Poole, Dorset. The Vicar, the Rev. E. E. Dugmore, having been well known and much loved by her, during his seven years' labour as curate of S. Peter's, Vauxhall, gave the place a special attraction to her. Short as was her residence, she found some spiritual work to do while she remained there. 'I loved and looked up to her with all my heart,' writes the Vicar, 'and I have reason to believe that in one case, her work here was blessed, and has been permanent.'

Carnmenellis was, however, the goal of all her wanderings, and there she finally settled till God called her to her rest.

Not long after she was established in her old cottage, came a blow which rent her very heart—the death of her darling Lily, her youngest niece, who had always been her special care. This little life was bound up with hers by ties of most tender affection. Mother Charlotte had rejoiced much at a certain victory the child had gained over self, at

her Confirmation and first Communion ; and afterwards she saw and blessed the hand of God in preparing her for an early death, though none but He fully knew the struggle it cost her to part with her darling. The child was struck down by fever, and day by day as it ran its course, the dear Mother hoped the crisis had come, and that favourable symptoms would set in.

She was unwearied in her intercessions, and pleaded with God day and night, with strong crying and tears, to spare to her the precious life. Three days before the child died, Mother Charlotte went into church, and made a solemn act of renunciation of her own will in the matter, giving up her darling entirely into God's hands. Yet hope lingered, for she said afterwards to one of the Sisters, 'I offered her up to God, as we offer our Lord to Him in the Blessed Sacrament, hoping it might be His Will to give her back to me, as He gives us back Jesus, to be the Food of our souls.'

Infinite Wisdom had otherwise ordained. On February 7th, 1878, her little Lily was gathered into the heavenly garden, and ever after, this joy was added to Mother Charlotte's anticipations of her own awakening in Paradise,—'There I shall meet my child again!'

Life at Tranquilla Cottage, was ordered as nearly as could be on the model of her Sisters' rule. She often expressed how helpful and how blessed she felt the tie of union with her Commu-

nity in prayer and sympathy, though separated from them in bodily presence. 'It is such a comfort, even a short visit from a Sister,' she writes to a friend. 'I often wish this place were nearer [to London], that I might have a Sister oftener.'

Mother Charlotte rose at 6.30 in Summer, and at 7.30, as regularly as the hour came round, she was to be seen wending her way to the Church. There was no service at that hour, and she was a solitary worshipper; but the Church was to her a spiritual home and place of refreshment, the spot set apart for the worship of her God, where she could best realise His nearness and His love. There, morning after morning, she remained an hour in sweet communion with Him Whom her soul loved; bowing down her whole being in homage, pouring out her needs with child-like confidence, and carrying back into her home the promised result: 'Blessed are they that dwell in Thine house; they will be alway praising Thee.'

In the dark, cold winter mornings, she used to carry a little lamp with her, and a hot-water bottle for her feet, as without the latter, her limbs were so cramped and cold she could not attend to her prayers. At noon she went again to Church, and stayed till one.

From 3 to 3.30 she spent in private devotion in her own room, and at night she gathered all her little household together for instruction and united prayer. Yet, in following so strict a rule for her-

self, she was never selfishly absorbed, so as to forget the tastes and needs of the young lives around her. 'I don't want the girls to lose their modern languages,' she said, about this time, to a friend; 'I wish them to read French and German on alternate days, so as to keep up their studies.'

No bodily infirmity was ever made an excuse for the neglect of her religious duties. 'I never knew her absent but once from a Celebration during three years,' writes the Curate of the parish. 'She used to say, she could not live without that Sacred Food. Her realisation of the Lord's Presence was very strong; and most hearty was the "Amen" which she used to say after the words of administration were addressed to her. I have often remonstrated with her about coming out so early in the Winter mornings; but, with tears in her eyes she would say, "I must come, if I am to live."'

The reproach has sometimes been made, that great carefulness about the growth of our own soul, fosters a spirit of selfishness, and indifference to the spiritual welfare of others. If this be true in any case, it was certainly not so in that of Mother Charlotte, for one might almost say, the master-passion of her life, was a desire for souls to be brought to the knowledge and love of her Lord.

One of her first cares at Carnmenellis was to begin a Sunday School by the help of her nieces, which by slow degrees, increased from seven

children to thirty-three. No pains were spared to make this school a pleasant and efficient agency of instruction. She entered into all the details of the children's marks, rewards, and certificates of regular attendance, and delighted to organize a pleasant summer excursion for them. Some of the little miners owed their first view of the sea to these happy occasions.

So far back as the lifetime of Mr. Broadley, she had had a great desire to provide for the spiritual wants of an outlying village called 'Four Lanes,' and now she found herself again settled in the old Parish, that desire revived, and at once took an active form. There had been a room over a carpenter's shop, in which services were formerly held, now fallen into a state of dilapidation. At the advent of the new Curate, Mr. Murley, in 1874, he had reported to her its deplorable condition, and she said at once, 'Go over there to-morrow, and get it made as decent as possible, and I will help you to pay the cost.' This was done; and his subsequent account of the first service held there, cheered her greatly.

To provide permanently, spiritual ministrations for this long-neglected place, became the ruling desire of her life, the main object of her rigid and self-denying economy, and the subject of her ardent prayers and intercessions. Meanwhile, many a time did she cheer the heart of the Curate in charge of the district by her hopeful and animating counsels.

'Try not to get disheartened with your work,' she would say, 'but trust for power from on high, and always have the "single eye" for God's glory, and you will succeed.'

The aim she set before herself was, to get a permanent Church and Clergyman's residence built for Four Lanes. She knew too much of mission-work experimentally, to be satisfied with providing a mere preaching-room. 'You will never be able to teach the people reverence for God,' she said to the Curate, 'until they have a Church suitable for the worship of God.' And then she would add, 'I do hope I shall live to see that Church built and consecrated; I shall think then that my life's work is done, and shall be able to say, "*Nunc Dimittis.*"'

Ardent desires beget persevering action; and so it was with her. Steadily the cross of self-denial was impressed on every part of her daily life, that she might have wherewith to give to her Master's work.

She had been accustomed to go to the sea-side in the Summer, and the doctors used to say this was necessary for her and her family. 'But,' she would answer, 'the Church is *more* necessary.' And so the holidays were discontinued. She was very fond of driving, and when she got too feeble to walk much, it would have been a great comfort to have had a pony-carriage; but this was a luxury her Church would not allow her to afford herself.

Not an unnecessary shilling was spent. She

lamented to the Bishop, that with all her care, she could not live on less than 80*l.* a-year; that a larger balance of her income might be devoted to the Church's needs.

This rigid economy was sanctified by ardent spiritual aspirations. 'I met with a teaching the other day,' she wrote to an old friend, 'on the three H's—a Head to think of Jesus, a Heart to love Him, and Hands to work for Him. . . . I have been forced to dip rather deeply into capital, but I do not regret it; I so long to see souls brought in and trained for Eternity.' The Bishop's approval and encouragement were most precious to her; his sympathy had drawn out her affectionate nature into a strong personal attachment. She prayed daily for 'our good Bishop,' and constantly expressed in letters, and to those around her, how cheered she was by his kindness.

Yet, with all this energy and zeal for the progress of the good work, her shrinking from publicity, praise, and personal congratulation, were so great, that she kept away from the Ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the Church at Four Lanes, preferring to spend the time alone in Carnmenellis Church, pleading with God for His blessing on the undertaking.

Whilst the new Church was in building, the curate, Mr. Murley, used to report to her almost daily the progress of the growing walls. One day he drove her down to see the work going on, a visit

which afforded her great delight. She went into several cottages, and spoke to the inmates, urging them to make a good use of the privileges they were soon to enjoy.

In anticipation of the time when the Church would be completed, she stirred up her friends to make little offerings to it, especially for the Altar-cloth and Frontals; and her thanks for their sympathy in her work, was beyond all proportion to the help given.

'I write to you,' she says to one friend, 'what our good Bishop wrote to me: "Praise be to God, Who has enabled His handmaiden to praise Him thus, not only now, but for a great while to come."'

It was impossible not to be interested in what evidently so absorbed her mind and heart. She impressed her own ardent desires upon others in spite of themselves, and gained their prayers and help.

'I have just got a Font,' she writes, 'and all things will soon, I trust, be in order. . . . I am busy now about surplices, and find that I can yet use my needle. . . . The Bishop is to consecrate on the 4th of April. Oh, may God's blessing rest on the work! What a joy it will be to me when the Church is consecrated! The Bishop has been so kind, that it cheers one through.'

God gave her her heart's desire to see this work accomplished, though she was not able to be present at the Ceremony itself. Her own letter best

expresses what her feelings were, at the blessed fulfilment of these long-cherished hopes :—

'I think you will be pleased to hear of all God's goodness to me; I am so very thankful. The offering has been accepted, and the Church was Consecrated on the 4th. I was not able to be present, but a messenger was sent directly the service was over. There was no one in the cottage with me, so I had a good burst of praise. Oh, how glad I was, and am! Thanks to the loving help I have had from yourself and other friends, everything was in order. We made the Altar Frontals in the house, and nearly all the Choir surplices.

'The Altar had its candlesticks, vases, and a good-sized brass cross. I went to Four Lanes on Easter Saturday for the decoration, and I was thankful that I did not go on the 4th, as it was more than I could well bear.

'The thought of my darling Lily, her memorial window, and the Church, altogether, moved me very deeply. The Mission-room * looks well, and by measurement will seat a hundred people. I know you will rejoice with me.

'I had a line from the dear Father to say that he would remember me at the festival, a joyous Easter.

'Now for souls being gathered in! You will pray for this blessing, my kind friend. I wish you were here to start a Mothers' Meeting. . . . I trust you are able still to do work for the dear Lord. May you be blessed in winning souls for Him! . . .'

'Yours in our Blessed Lord,

'Mother Charlotte.'

* This was a separate wooden room, which she built in the Churchyard for Prayer-meetings, and religious gatherings.

It is very characteristic of Mother Charlotte's extreme modesty and self-renunciation, that 'the help of friends' she here speaks of, could only have amounted to a few pounds, and was as nothing compared with her own munificent gift to the building, to which she never alludes, or to the large sum of 2300*l.* she gave for the endowment.

Her energy, which had been unfailing through all the preparation for the opening of the new Church of St. Andrew, Pencoys—for this was its ecclesiastical title—began now seriously to flag.

In a postscript to the letter in which she describes her joy at its Consecration, there is this significant warning: 'My old pain is so severe, that I cannot write as I would—indeed, I can seldom finish a letter without suffering; but my time is nearly over.'

The end had indeed begun, a long battle of pain without, and conflict within—meet for the servant of a Master whose death-struggle on the cross was marked by the cry of desolation, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

We do not expect the World to understand the steps by which God purifies and prepares the faithful soul for the vision of His glory; but it is strange and saddening to find that even His children, are offended at the temporary withdrawal of sensible comfort in spiritual things, which so often happens as the soul draws near the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death. It is the rending away, as it

were, of every lesser prop and tie, so that in 'naked faith,' hearing nothing, seeing nothing, feeling nothing, she may cast herself in the darkness, by a Will trained in the discipline of Grace, at His feet, Whom she knows, by a deeper knowledge than that of mere emotion, to be her 'Lord and her God.' The human spirit loves the 'Chariot of Fire' and the sensible passage into glory, better than the dereliction of Calvary; but more deeply-taught souls learn to recognise, that conviction of sin deepens as we approach nearer to Him, before Whom the beloved Apostle fell '*as one dead.*'

Dear Mother Charlotte's last sickness was marked by severe spiritual conflict, by a withdrawal of the joy and peace she had so continually experienced in communion with her God, by fears and perplexities, which, though in the end they all faded away, and were replaced by the bliss of vision, and the full flow of adoring love; were none the less a very severe trial to her while they lasted.

In the August of 1881 she went up to London to consult a doctor about her failing health, and his report was more favourable than she had expected it to be.

During this visit she had the opportunity of again using Sacramental Confession, which she had not been able to do for a long period, though her watchfulness in self-examination had never been relaxed, as in a small Diary she kept of spiritual matters, there is a regularly recurring

entry: 'Made my Confession in church.' This special Confession seems to have been particularly helpful to her soul, for she thus expressed herself in a letter after it: 'The dear Father gave me much comfort on Sunday, and we had a Celebration in the Oratory on Wednesday. It was strengthening.'

Though Dr. Mackenzie, at the close of her visit to London, had pronounced her to be a little better, yet she steadily kept the thought of her approaching death in mind. 'It is not death that I fear so much,' she said in conversation to one of the Sisters, 'as the passage of death.' This Sister had always been very dear to her, and it was her particular request that when the time came, she might be the one to perform the last offices in preparing her body for burial.

By December the disease had so far progressed that she was confined entirely to her bed, only getting up for a very short time.

She was tenderly nursed by her eldest niece, Miss Burrowes, to whom she clung with almost child-like confidence; and she constantly expressed her feeling of gratitude at the kindness and attention of her medical adviser, Dr. Hudson. In spite of her continual and protracted sufferings, she was sweetly patient, and during the last week, when torturing thirst caused her to cry out for 'Water! water!' she checked herself, and said, 'How rude of me to speak so impatiently!'

During the long weary weeks before the end came, Miss Burrowes used often to bend over her, and repeat some of her favourite passages from Holy Scripture; and out of the struggle of anguish, or the deadly languor of exhaustion, came the soul's quick response to the Divine promises of help and comfort: 'Dear Auntie, God will help you!' 'My dear, I know He will; and so He does.' And again, when she whispered slowly, 'He will never leave thee or forsake thee,' there came a deeply impressive 'Never! never!' that stirred the very soul of the listener by its reality.

Whatever clouds God had permitted to gather round her spirit for the chastening and perfecting of her faith, they were all dispelled before the end came. On the day preceding her death, she told Sister Ellen (the Sister she so dearly loved, and who had been summoned by telegram), that she had seen her Saviour in a vision, or dream, she knew not which to call it, standing 'as close as this is to that'—touching two portions of her dress as she said the words. And this blessed realisation of His nearness, granted to her by Him Who loved her, and gave Himself for her, was as the shining of full sunlight into her soul, to strengthen and illuminate it for that 'passage of death' which she had so much dreaded. Now she asked simply, 'Shall I soon be home? the darkness is gone, and it is all light!'

Her last articulate words, were a fit ending to a

life which for years had been one prolonged act of homage, 'My God! my King!'

So passed the spirit from the outer court of the Church on earth, to the worship of the Lamb in the Sanctuary of Paradise.

They laid her body to rest—by the express permission of the Bishop—in the chancel of Carnmenellis Church, where her husband had been laid twenty-seven years before.

Crosses and wreaths of lovely flowers—the offerings of various friends and relatives—laid on the plain oak coffin, expressed but in a small measure, the strong affection she had awakened in many hearts. There was the full tribute of tears as the body was lowered into its last earthly resting-place; but the sorrow of those who knew and loved her best, was swallowed up in the deep joy of heart, that another true and brave servant of God had 'fought the good fight,' and finished her course, and 'through much tribulation' had 'entered into Rest.'

From a little MS. book, in which Mother Charlotte noted down special subjects for meditation, Aims which she set before herself at different periods of her life, and Rules for the government of that inner life which was 'hid with Christ in God;' we may obtain glimpses of the two great motives at work in her soul, which have ever been the most powerful factors in the formation of Christian

character, find it in what age or clime we will; *i.e.* An abiding Penitence; a hunger and thirst after Righteousness.

There is a Diary, entirely of spiritual matters, which she kept regularly for many years, and in it one desire, expressed in exactly the same words, recurs again and again. It is this: That God would grant her '*a life-giving sorrow*.' It is not a conventional or common-place expression, used without much meaning, but the grasp of a great truth by a soul deeply taught of God, in long hours of Prayer, Meditation, and Self-examination. A testimony, that Self-knowledge and Divine knowledge had gone hand-in-hand, and grown and deepened together. '*A life-giving sorrow?*' Yes, '*sorrow*;' for it is not true that the inner life, though quickened into Joy and Peace by the gift of Pardon through the Precious Blood, is one chorus of triumphs, one glowing passage to glory. The contemplation of God, destroys self-satisfaction, and the deepening sense of the gulf there is between the aim, and the performance of one's life, the Possible and the Actual, must fill the spirit with compunction. 'Sorrow,' not working death, not leading to depression, or gloom, or despair, but 'life-giving.' That sense of sin, which quickens love to the Sin-Bearer; that knowledge of self, which drives the soul to the 'Rock which is higher than I;' that mistrust of our own powers, which compels us to trust in God; that deeper estimate of sin, which

sees in it not personal loss merely, but the wounding of God's Honour and the waste of His Love.

In the same Diary is written out a rule for her daily life, as follows :—

'Spiritual communion, 7. Intercession.
Prime, 8.
Psalms, and Lessons, and Terce, 9.
Sext, and Bible-reading in Church, if possible.
Spiritual reading two hours every day.
Psalms, and Lessons, and Vespers after tea.
Compline, 9 o'clock or 9.30.
Longer in bedroom, prayer and self-examination.
Speak to two souls daily.'

The following extracts need no comment :—

'I resolve to use every means that God shows me to obtain a mortified spirit.'

'Oh that all my nature were turned into love! Nature will resist Nature in dealing with souls; they will not yield to what is no better than themselves. It must be Christ manifested in and by us that can touch the unconverted heart. The smallest thought of unkindness, the least disregard to the feelings of others, will cause the Lord's Presence to retire.'

'Satan succeeded in the ease and comfort of Eden, but was foiled in the wilderness.'

'If I am not in His ground I cannot grow.'

'Oh for that Fire to be kindled in my soul, that will burn up all the clothing of sin!'

'I need the Spirit of Counsel that I may know the fit remedy for the salvation of my own soul, and those of others over whom I may have any influence; the Spirit of Understanding in the hidden meaning of Scripture, that I may speak to others.'

'May my earthly nature tremble, my stony heart be broken, the sealed sepulchre of shame and sin be opened by confession, the veil be rent which separates between God and my soul, that, with a live coal from the altar, I may be filled with prayer.'

'Lord, I would desire not to move hand or foot without Thy permission. Oh! help me to be truly Thine in every act, as I am Thine by the Blood of my Redeemer.'

'"It is finished!" Oh! that sin were finished *in* me, as well as *for* me: but it is a lingering death.'

'Lord, let me learn humility at any cost. My God, help me to be *real*, and to love with Thy love.'

'Christ is with me in all my humiliations and sufferings. May I be able to bear them, not with sickly romance (sentiment?), seeking human sympathy, but really and truly in secret with JESUS.'

'Oh! may I never cease to do good to my neighbour, though I receive ingratitude.'

'Mary did "what she could." Lord, help me! O Lord, help me to be kind to everybody. Our only earthly happiness is to make others happy.'

'Oh, my Lord, that I could fully realise Thy coming! Yea, in every trouble Thou comest, meek and lowly, guiding and governing the animal nature, as Thou camest to Jerusalem on the colt.'

'May I see to-day what I ought to do, and then have grace to do it.'

'Look for no reward from any one. Christ got grievous torments from men in return for the good He did them. I have asked to be made like Christ.'

'Our Lord sent Peter and John to prepare the Passover: faith and love, prudence and obedience. O Lord, wilt Thou come into my heart, and keep the Paschal Supper there?'

'May the contemplation of the Cross enable me to bear all that is needful for me, as the gift from a Father's love.'

No more fitting comment can be made on the self-sacrifice of Mother Charlotte's offering to the Church's work in Cornwall, and the blessing that God *at once* poured down upon it; than by quoting a passage from the published sermon of the Bishop of Truro, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, in May 1881, little more than a month after the Consecration of S. Andrew's, Pencoys:—

'I know a wild hamlet which had such a fame, that letters were written urging that any intended efforts made, should be transferred to ground which gave at least *some* promise.

'For several years, the same zealous labourer as now, had toiled there. The loft over the Wheelwright and Blacksmith's shop was his Church, and was the very exemplification of having "no more brick and mortar" than was enough. And it remained enough. A few old people, sick of sinning, and a few little girls, mainly represented the Church of Christ—without Confirmation and without the Eucharist.

'By the self-denial—the extreme self-denial—of a widow, and some little help beside, a little Church has been built and now opened a few months. She was urged to make a smaller, a plainer, a ruder, "a sufficient" Mission-Room. For she was living on half her little income for its sake. But no; it should be a Church; it should have all that marked a Church—and it should have all in beauty within and without—even stained glass, that should mutely preach Christ's Atonement, whatever else should be preached or sung there. And it came to pass. And what has been the effect? Why, the harbour basin being dug, and the flood-gates opened, the sea ran into it.

'The self-same Minister does the self-same work; but his Morning Congregation is of ninety people already, and among them between twenty and thirty young fellows, who, until this Mission-Church was built, never spent Sunday morning except in their working clothes, sitting on the stone hedges. At evening the Church is full. There is a Choir of eight men and ten boys, a Sunday-School of seventy children, a week-day service fairly attended, a Young Men's Bible Class, a Woman's Bible Class; and at the Children's service, after noon, parents flock in to learn, by listening to their children, about the Divine things and Persons, which before were scarcely names to them.'

LAUS DEO.

E. LONGHURST, 133 Upper Kennington Lane, S.E.